for powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well:
Then ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe
And now their pride and me
Their courage with hard lab
That not a Horſe is halfe th

Hot. So are the Horſes of
In generall iourney bated an
The better part of ours are f

Wor. The number of the
For Gods ſake, Cooſen, ſta

The Trumpet ſounds a parl

Blunt. I come with gracio
If you vouchſafe me hearing

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walte*
You were of our determinati
Some of vs loue you well, an
Enuie your great deſeruinge
Becauſe you are not of our
But ſtand againſt vs like an

Blunt. And God defend,
So long as our of limit and
You ſtand againſt annoynte
But to my charge. The Ki
The nature of your griefes,
You coniure from the breat
Such bold Hoſtility, teachi
Audacious cruelty. If that
Haue any way your good de
Which he confeſſeth to be
He bids you name your gri
You ſhall haue your deſires
And pardon abſolute for yo
Herein miſ-led by your ſugg

Hot. The King is kind:
Knowes at what time to pro
My Father, my Vncle, and
Did giue him that ſame roya
And when he was not ſixe a
Sicke in the worldes regard,

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